

## MARRIED-OH, YES! JAGGIST RECALLS BEFORE THE COURT

But How Can a Man Remember Anything About Atlantic City Flyer?

IT'S TWO YEARS AGO.

However, Civil Engineer Lindsay Will Pay \$9 a Week and Stay Away Always.

James Bruce Lindsay, Jaggist. That wasn't on the card which was handed up to Magistrate Cornell in the Domestic Relations Court to-day, but had it been, His Honor might have been more quickly informed on the whereabouts of the presence of James Bruce Lindsay, civil engineer, before him on the charge of wife abandonment.

Mr. Bruce's headquarters is wherever he emerges from a source. This he has confided to the Magistrate when His Honor pinned him down to a statement. He claims to be a topographer in his profession as an engineer, and when it comes to cream-colored or a pink tea just he is no dilettante. In the way of a zoologist, he can show lights in darkest Abyssinia. He has drawn his salary in Arizona and received his next board bill in Atlantic City.

And it was at Atlantic City that the real troubles of Mr. James Bruce Lindsay began. Two years ago he awakened in that delightful summer resort, with a bride by his side. He was in one of the best hotels on the beach and he had not a cent. He was married and he owed the hotel more than he could expect to make in constructing an irrigation dam. Irrigation has always been the engineer's forte.

SHE WAS A MANICURE WHO SELECTED CLIENTS.

His bride, he found, was a very pretty and charming girl. She was then twenty-seven years old. She was at the seaside, taking the rest cure. She was a high-class manicure. By that is meant that she selected her own clientele. She attended the ladies at the Newport and others of the swaggar set. All this she had told to her husband two days before, but she had to tell it to him all over again. The courtship had been a short one, the road to the altar a speedy run. On the 25th of June they had met on the board walk; on the 28th they met before the altar.

The 28th story was that Lindsay had represented himself to be a man of money and who was going to have more money. He lavished pre-nuptial di-



MR. AND MRS. LINDSAY

ners on her, they went boating and swimming together. He told his love story to her in the moonlight. She looked like money to him. And so they were married.

The new wife was suddenly awakened from love's young dream. The bridegroom got his bill. She paid it. To do this she had to pawn her jewels. Then, to get home, she had to wire to her sister in New York to send her \$50.

The awakening from this jag was the sweetest James Bruce Lindsay had ever encountered. He refused to awaken. His wife took him to her flat at No. 24 East 21st street. This was furnished completely; everything nice, comfortable and cozy. All the bridegroom had to do was to come in and hang up his hat. Ruby lolled in the flat for eleven days. Ruby lolled with him. Then the civil engineer and Jaggist disappeared and they heard nothing of him for a year and a half.

Vanished at second honeymoon.

MOON DINNER.

On the end of that time he returned, the Prodigal Son, and his deserted wife probably did not realize this.

## WHAT IS THE WIFE'S SHARE? Treat a Family Income as a Common Fund And Divide Monthly Balance as Profits

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"Let the Husband Give to His Wife Half of What Remains After the Household Expenses Have Been Paid for the Month," Writes N. A. W.—  
"Rich Men Should Marry Poor Girls and Heiresses Ought to Wed Salaried Men," Says A. P. C.

BY NIKOLA GREELEY-SMITH.



NIKOLA GREELEY-SMITH

What do you think of the idea of profit-sharing in the home?

In answering the question as to what the wife's portion of the family income should be, a young man offers this highly ingenious suggestion:

Let the husband and wife treat the family income as a common fund, he says, and look upon the monthly balance as profits of the home to be divided equally.

This suggestion is flawless in so far as the sharing of profits is concerned. But suppose there aren't any profits? Suppose there is a deficit? Who shoulders it? In nine cases out of ten, the husband. Now, who ever heard of a business partnership in which the firm divided the profits evenly, but in which one member only was held legally responsible for loss?

The moment we place the home on a business basis we eliminate sentimental values. Therefore, why should the wife divide the profits unless she is in a position to have the losses?

But let the home profit sharing scheme speak for itself. Here is what its originator has to say:

TO RUN THE HOME ON THE CO-OPERATION PLAN.

Dear Madam: Certain critics have urged that wives be put on a salary basis in the kitchen and about the house. Without attempting to go into

the pros and cons of this scheme, let me make a counter suggestion which might fill in admirably until the economists are ready to publish their universal housewives' salary scale.

Suppose that Smith earns \$125 per month. His wife does all the house-keeping except the washing and scrubbing. Let him keep his household account book on the library table, entering from time to time money received and paid out, under the proper headings. At the end of the month, after having paid all running expenses, personal bills for both wife and husband, extra help and

for he could carry a bun like a baker. SAYS FRIENDS TOOK HIM FROM BRIDE.

Friends found out about his marriage, he said, and they took him away from the flat to straighten him up. He had returned to the flat, a year and a half later, to see if there had been any issue, but, thank God, there was none. Then he went away again because he thought that his sweet and good wife would be much better without him. He left her \$200 on that occasion, he said, and went out to get another job. He felt so good that he got another job instead of a job. And he confided to the Judge that it was a "beat."

Mrs. Lindsay told the court that in the face of her husband's confession she could not live with him, whether he wished it or not. So they parted the best of friends, James Bruce promising to be there with the million-dollar ante every week and a probationary officer was named to see that he didn't forget.

If any further jags should interfere with the nine, the Court informed him, he would come out of such jags on the island.

"There will be no island, Your Honor," said James, politely, and with a handsome bow to his handsome wife he swept out of the courtroom.

CHICKEN UPSETS COURT

Detective Patrick Walsh of the Morrisania station did not like the way a crowd of boys were acting when they passed him in One Hundred and Fifty-sixth street before daylight today. He arrested Frederick Buckles, sixteen years old, and told Magistrate Herbert later that he had no evidence against the boy except that a bundle containing a quantity of telephone wire was found in his possession. The Magistrate thought this hardly sufficient.

But just then there was a smothered squawk from an indefinite source and the boy clutched convulsively with his right hand under his blouse, which was hunched beneath his left arm. The detective unfastened the blouse and a fine young white leghorn chicken clapped squeaking out to the desk. The Magistrate almost fell out of his chair.

The chicken went out of the window into the back alley. Court was suspended while officers, policemen, witnesses, clerks and the surrounding population went in pursuit. It was brought in to the Magistrate after half an hour, when it was held as a exhibit.

Shook was held in \$200 bail.

Incidentals of all kinds, including home and life insurance, his tobacco and her chewing gum, there will be, perhaps, a balance of \$30 left over unexpended. This represents the net profit of their month's business, and, according to the theory of sharing joys and woes alike, she is properly entitled to one-half of this money. Let Smith give it to his wife or deposit it in the bank in her name.

If both are square, and if their love is genuine, this ought to solve the matter in nearly every case where moderate income is involved. And if the love and desire to pull together be really mutual, there will be no such catastrophe as that of trying to support a \$50 wife on a \$15 dividend.

N. A. W.

If all women were and continued to be self supporting under all circumstances, or, if, failing this, they entered the marriage relation on equal terms with their husbands, by providing a dowry, then this profit sharing action would be ideally just and right. As things are, it is merely ideally generous, which, as most women view things, is the ideal way for husbands to be.

Providing an interesting contrast to the liberality of the profit sharing suggestion is a letter I have received from a husband who protests against my remark that a wife is entitled to a personal allowance. And I thought I was guilty of a platitude when I made the statement. The husband writes:

HE GETS NO ALLOWANCE, WHY SHOULD HIS WIFE?

Dear Madam: You say: "In no instance is a man justified in depriving his wife of a personal allowance and so forcing her to petty subterfuges to obtain the money he considers her unit to handle."

In other words, I must give her a certain amount with which she can buy any old thing. Why? Have I such allowance? I have not. This is a ridiculous idea! Our fund is a common one. If I earn any extra money I add this to the fund, and all is open and above board. I am open to criticism, and further, if a wife is inclined to use subterfuges she will do so whether she has an allowance or not. Some of the most extravagant and conscienceless wives are those who are most liberally treated, and I know whereof I speak. I am not a money lover. If I want to save a few dollars I will for my wife and child and not for myself. I am looking for the future. Were I selfish or loved money I would not have insured myself the day I married.

The reader asserts that he has no personal allowance. With what does he buy his clothes, his tobacco, his lunch downtown? With what does his wife meet equivalent personal expenses?

More women are taught economy by a personal allowance than are made reckless by it. A man certainly does not want a wife to come to him and ask for ten cents to buy hairpins or a quarter for face powder.

Now why is a wife entitled to an allowance? Just think a moment, you

husbands who ask this question. How much would you have to pay a woman not your wife to keep your home in order? You couldn't get any one so decrepit that she would undertake this work for board and lodging, could you? Wouldn't you have to pay from \$20 to \$25 a month for the crudest, most mechanical service? This is leaving the children out.

A GOOD WIFE'S DUTIES ARE MANIFOLD.

The average wife who is a mother combines the jobs of housekeeper, domestic servant, infant's nurse and teacher. What would the combined wages of these functionaries represent? A very considerable sum, would it not? Much more than a personal allowance for clothes, hairpins, etc.? Of course in those homes wherein there are no children—and where there are servants to do the work—these homes are not commercially negligible—the wife's value is wholly sentimental. It is, in fact, so difficult to calculate that it is generally referred to as incalculable—which harms no one.

I think The Evening World reader is right in saying that a certain type of woman will resort to subterfuges, no matter how liberally she is treated. But there is a much larger class to whom lying and deceit are naturally very distasteful, but who have realized that many men will take anything and peacefully than the plain truth. And the average woman loves peace.

A suggestion which has the merit of novelty and which would be beautifully simple and satisfactory if only it would work, is that all very rich men marry working girls and all heiresses take salaried men for husbands. Here is the scheme:

PLAN TO PRESERVE A GOOD AVERAGE.

Dear Madam: Just a few lines on this marriage question. I am thirty-eight, have travelled around this country a great deal and have met many girls. Generally they are looking for a very expensive time, and you are hardly welcome the second time unless you are some spender. Now, how can a young man with a moderate salary, knowing these things, take a chance on marriage? If he did not care which way things went he might, but not if he loved the girl. I would like to get married, as I lead a very lonesome life, but young girls are too expensive, and not many are sincere. I think a woman between thirty and forty has settled down somewhat, but it is hard to meet one and I don't care much for the flirting kind. There are thousands of men and women, I suppose, anxious to get married. Why not have the man with money marry the girl without any and give her a life of ease, and the woman with money marry a man who has just a salary? Not that he would want her money, but in case of sickness, loss of position, etc., it would help until he got above water again.

A. P. C.

## BATTALION CHIEF TRIED ON CHARGE OF A PHYSICIAN

Marshall Denies That He Struck Dr. Siff at Fire.

Battalion Chief Richard J. Marshall was up on charges of conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman today before Deputy Fire Commissioner Olvaney. The charge had been made by Dr. Henry Siff, who lives and has his office at No. 160 Madison street.

Dr. Siff alleged that the battalion chief had struck him in the early morning of June 30 when the firemen were in the doctor's room looking for a small blaze which he had extinguished. When Dr. Siff discovered a curtain ablaze in his room he had thrown a cup of tea on it and believed the fire was out. Some one sent in an alarm and, according to the doctor, Battalion Chief Marshall broke into his room.

"Who are you?" asked the physician.

"None of your business," is the reply Marshall is alleged to have made. "I'm here to put a fire out and I'm going to do it."

Dr. Siff said he then asked Marshall to please be quiet, as his children were asleep upstairs.

"He grabbed me by the arm, twisting it behind my back in his lithe fashion, and ordered a policeman to arrest me," added Dr. Siff. "I went to Mayor Daynor and complained."

It was the Mayor who ordered Marshall brought up on the strength of the physician's story.

When the doctor was confronted by the Fire Chief to-day Commissioner Olvaney asked him if he could identify Marshall as the man who assaulted him. Dr. Siff said he could.

"Had the Chief been drinking?" was asked.

"He was under the influence of something," replied Dr. Siff.

Battalion Chief Marshall then told his version of the affair.

"There were sparks on the floor of the room when I entered it," he said, "and I went to put them out. Dr. Siff ordered me away. He said: 'I have a revolver and I will use it on you. Do you know you are trespassing in my house and I have a right to shoot you?' Then he called me a 'drunken bum' and became particularly abusive, whereupon I ordered him looked up and extinguished the sparks."

Marshall's testimony was corroborated by Capt. Johnson and Lieut. Jolly.

Marshall denied he was intoxicated, saying he had been in the Fire Department nineteen years and had never taken a drop of liquor, not even for medical purposes.

One missing witness was Policeman Shedy, who made the arrest. Without him the trial could not be brought to a conclusion and adjournment was ordered until Monday.

Marshall's record in the department is excellent. He was never before charged with an offence.

GET A DRINKING CUP FREE!

Out the coupon printed in the Sunday World of Sept. 2. You can exchange it for either a collapsible aluminum drinking cup with cover or an oil-paper sanitary drinking cup in case. They will be given to you free.

Killed Answering a False Alarm.

ASHURY PARK, N. J., Sept. 5.—While answering a false alarm early today, James H. Van Benschoten, a member of the Good Will Hose Company, ran into a telephone pole, breaking his neck. Under one arm Van Benschoten carried a brand new uniform, which he expected to wear in the State firemen's parade here to-day. He leaves a widow and two children.

The Beautiful Melrose Girl

MISS WILSON, considered one of the most beautiful women in Vandeville, and making a great hit over the variety circuits, praises the merits of the Melrose preparations in so certain terms. She says:

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## FIVE HURT AS RUNAWAYS PLUNGE INTO SHOPPERS.

Women in Front of a Brooklyn Department Store Flee Before Frightened Team of Horses.

Five persons were injured at noon today when a runaway team of big black horses dashed under the elevated structure at Broadway and Banner avenue, Brooklyn, and then onto the sidewalk of a department store, scattering women shoppers and knocking down men who attempted to check them. The animals were finally stopped by Traffic Policeman Burke, who was dragged along and injured.

The team was on the way to a stable in Long Island City in charge of Michael Maulin of No. 232 Atlantic avenue, Brooklyn. When an elevated train passed over head the horses plunged forward and Maulin was thrown. Dodging a car, the runaways went along Broadway and then leaped on the sidewalk.

Scores of women burdened with bundles screamed and dashed for the entrances of stores, while several men attempted to grab the animals. When Policeman Burke brought them under control a call was sent to St. Catherine's Hospital and Dr. Gallagher attended the injured. They were: Michael Cappallo, fifteen, of No. 693 Flushing avenue; Charles Rose, twenty-three, of No. 107 Central avenue; Charles Callahan, thirty-two, of No. 341 Keap street, and George Bergen, twenty-one, of No. 25 Humboldt street, Brooklyn.



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Ladies' Pure Silk Stockings, all colors. Regular \$1.00 and \$1.25 quality. . . . . 79c 4.50 Doz.

Black Silk Hand-Clocked Stockings. Sizes 8 1/2, 9 and 9 1/2 only. . . . . 1.25 2.25 Doz.

Women's Pure Silk Stockings. All colors, with or without cotton tops and toes. Regular \$2 and \$2.50 quality. . . . . 1.35 8.00 Doz.

FOR MEN

Fine lisle, also cotton. Our regular 50c and 60c quality. . . . . 29c 3.00 Doz.

Men's Pure Silk Sox, all colors. Regular \$1.00 and \$1.25 quality. . . . . 79c 4.50 Doz.

Men's Heavyweight Silk Sox. All colors. Formerly \$2.00 pair. . . . . 1.35 8.00 Doz.

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